
Masque
By Ferres
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ADULTS

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THE EDITOR

Weep young maid, there is no escape,
your proud beauty offends thee!

Bleed young maid, there is no escape,
your soft, delicate flesh offends thee!

Hell on earth does exist.
And you have been handed over to devils.

You body is held hostage by the nature
of your gender. Trapped from birth in a spider's
web woven by men's avarice and vanity.

Your short life on Earth is a vale of tears,
and salvation but a glimmer in a long forgotten dream.

The rest is nightmare, the nightmare
that greets your every waking day...


YEARS AGO, A MIGHTY FORTRESS TOWERED ABOVE THE HILLSIDE. EVER VIGILANT TO THE APPROACH OF DANGER.
IT'S THICK WALLS AND BATTLEMENTS STAND STEADFAST AGAINST MANY AN INVADER. IT'S KNIGHTS, EVER READY TO RIDE OUT TO MEET THEM.
BUT THOSE DAYS ARE NO MORE. THE FORTRESS STILL STANDS, BUT THERE ARE NO VALOROUS KNIGHTS READY TO RIDE OUT. IT'S GATES CLOSED SHUT. THE ONLY ONES IT PROTECTS ARE THOSE FORTUNATE TO DWELL WITHIN.

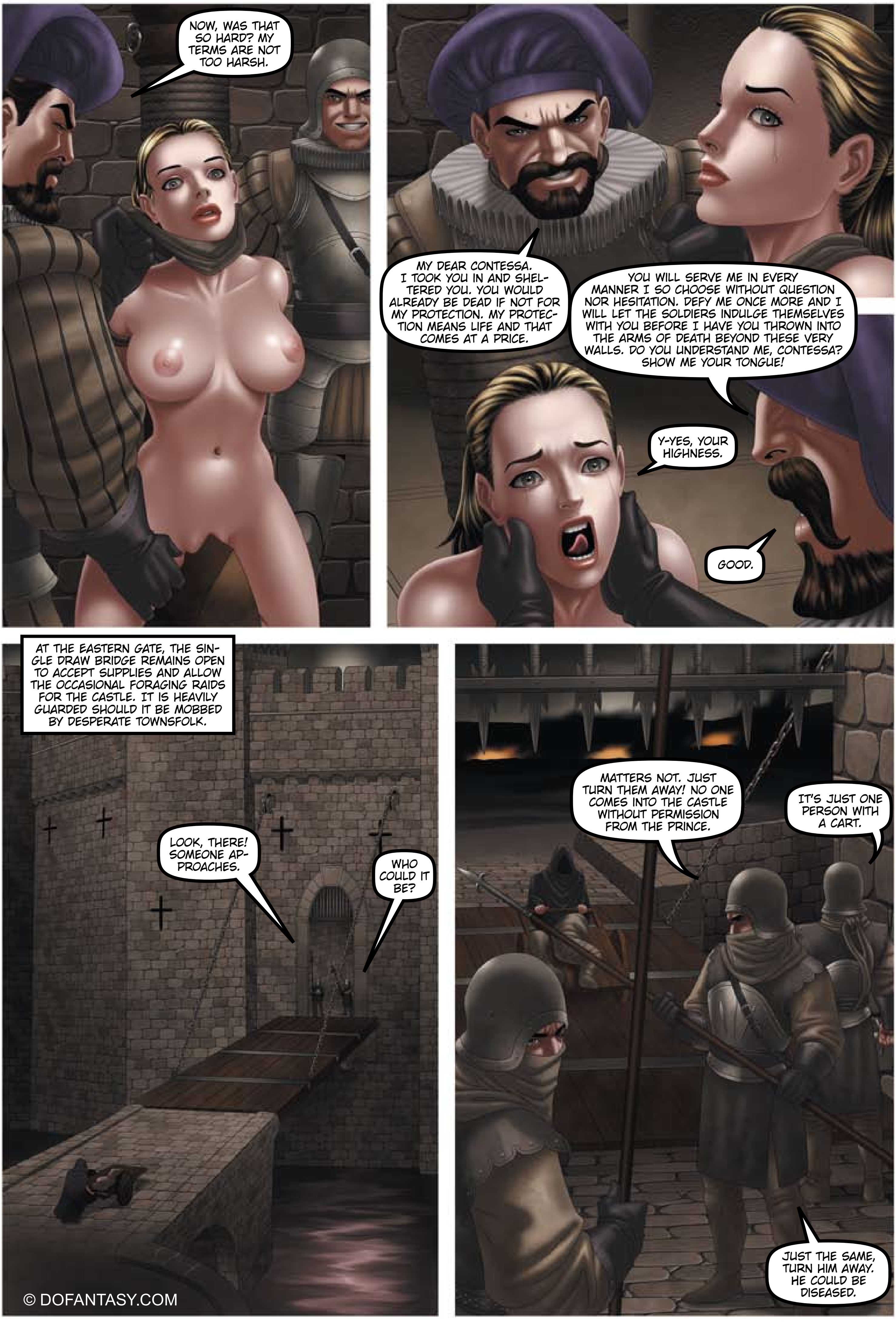

ONCE VALOROUS MEN NOW COWER WITHIN ITS WALLS AND THEIR SOVEREIGN PRINCE STRICKEN WITH BOUTS OF MADNESS. IT IS THE TIME OF THE PLAGUE.
WHAT IS IT?
FIRES AT THE TOWN, CAPTAIN.
IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER.


WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
THEY DUG LARGE PITS TO BURY THE DEAD AND SET FIRE TO THE MOUNTAIN OF CORPSES. THOSE LEFT ARE ABANDONING THE TOWN.
THIS PLACE WREAKS OF DEATH. WE SHOULD LEAVE ALSO. THE TOWN IS LOST. WE HAVE NOTHING TO PROTECT.
WHERE WILL WE GO?


THE PLAGUE IS EVERYWHERE. WE SENT MESSENGERS TO ALL THE NEIGHBORING LANDS AND IT IS THE SAME. NEITHER PEASANT NOR NOBLEMAN IS SPARED, EVEN THE CLERGY.
THIS IS WHERE I SERVED FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, THIS IS WHERE I PREFER TO DIE.


ACCURSED FIRES. YOU CAN BARELY SEE THE SUN ANYMORE. IT VEXES ME.
YOUR HIGHNESS, PERHAPS IT IS TIME TO CONFER TO A HIGHER POWER AND ASK FOR SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE?
LOOK AROUND YOU PRIEST. NO ONE IS LISTENING TO YOUR PRAYERS. EITHER GOD HAS FOR-SAKEN US OR HE TOO IS DEAD OF THE PLAGUE. BE OFF WITH YOU. I TIRE WITH YOUR COUNCIL.
OLD FOOL. I SHOULD SEND HIM AWAY. HE'S JUST ONE MORE MOUTH TO FEED.
UNGH!
SILENCE! I CAN'T THINK WITH YOUR INCESSANT BEMOANINGS!
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AAAGH!


THIS SHOULD GIVE YOU SOME-THING TO SCREAM ABOUT!
AAAYIEEH!!!
THERE, THERE. DID THAT HURT?
IT HURTS! PLEASE STOP THIS. I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE. I'M GOING MAD!
LIES! HOW ABOUT THIS?
AAAIEEEH!
SEE, YOU CAN TAKE MUCH MORE. I COULD HAVE YOUR TITS FLOGGED UNTIL THEY ARE AS RED AS APPLES.
PLEASE, I'LL DO WHAT EVER YOU WANT! JUST STOP THIS TORTURE!
FINALLY!


NOW, WAS THAT SO HARD? MY TERMS ARE NOT TOO HARSH.
MY DEAR CONTESSA. I TOOK YOU IN AND SHELTERED YOU. YOU WOULD ALREADY BE DEAD IF NOT FOR MY PROTECTION. MY PROTECTION MEANS LIFE AND THAT COMES AT A PRICE.
YOU WILL SERVE ME IN EVERY MANNER I SO CHOOSE WITHOUT QUESTION NOR HESITATION. DEFY ME ONCE MORE AND I WILL LET THE SOLDIERS INDULGE THEMSELVES WITH YOU BEFORE I HAVE YOU THROWN INTO THE ARMS OF DEATH BEYOND THESE VERY WALLS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME, CONTESSA? SHOW ME YOUR TONGUE!
Y-YES, YOUR HIGHNESS.
GOOD.
AT THE EASTERN GATE, THE SINGLE DRAW BRIDGE REMAINS OPEN TO ACCEPT SUPPLIES AND ALLOW THE OCCASIONAL FORAGING RAIDS FOR THE CASTLE. IT IS HEAVILY GUARDED SHOULD IT BE MOBBED BY DESPERATE TOWNSFOLK.
LOOK, THERE! SOMEONE APPROACHES.
WHO COULD IT BE?
MATTERS NOT. JUST TURN THEM AWAY! NO ONE COMES INTO THE CASTLE WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM THE PRINCE.
IT'S JUST ONE PERSON WITH A CART.
JUST THE SAME, TURN HIM AWAY. HE COULD BE DISEASED.


THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! GO NOW, THERE IS NO FOOD OR SHELTER HERE FOR YOU.
PLEASE, I HAD NO ONE TO TURN TO. I ASK ONLY FOR A PRIEST TO PERFORM THE LAST RITES FOR MY FATHER. EVERYONE IS DEAD IN THE VILLAGE MONASTERY.
A GIRL?! YOU ARE EITHER BRAVE OR A FOOL TO SHOW UP HERE.
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MY GOD! THIS ONE IS DEAD FROM THE PLAGUE!
QUICKLY! TORCH IT AND CLEAR IT OFF THE ROAD!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, BRING-ING A DEAD MAN TO US?!
YOU SHOULD HAVE THROWN THIS CAR-CASS INTO A BURY-ING PIT AND BURNED IT TO ASHES.
IS HE DEAD?
BURN IT WELL, THEN THROW IT OVER THE SIDE. WE DON'T WANT THE SICKNESS TO GET IN.
FATHER, NO!
HE'S ALREADY DEAD, YOU IGNORANT PEAS-ANT! LAST RITES WILL DO HIM NO GOOD.


WE HAVE TO BURN THIS TOO, WENCH!
WAIT, NO! THAT'S MY ONLY CLOAK.
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WHAT'S WITH ALL THIS RUCKUS?! WHO IS THIS WOMAN?!
SHE JUST CAME UP TO THE GATE, MILORD.
A VAGABOND WHORE NO DOUBT.
MILORD, IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE WE'VE, YOU KNOW... MAYBE WE CAN...
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN SOLDIER, BUT THIS IS NOT A PLACE OF RECRE-ATION.
BUT, MILORD... BETTER THAN HAVING IT WITH THE PIGS.
HMM, YOU ARE PRETTY. IT WOULD BE A PITY TO SEND YOU OUT THERE TO PER-ISH... AND THE MEN DO HAVE NEEDS.
CHECK HER THOROUGHLY FOR ANY SIGNS OF THE PLAGUE. IF SHE IS FIT, THEN YOU MAY HAVE HER.
YOU ARE MOST GRA-CIOUS, MILORD.
ALL RIGHT, BROTHERS. STRIP THE WENCH!


YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THIS FOR A WHILE.
PLEASE DON'T!
JUST SHUT UP AND LIKE IT, LIKE A GOOD PEASANT GIRL.
WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE BROTHERS. TAKE A GANDER AT THOSE SUCCULENT MORSELS.
SPREAD THOSE LOVELY LEGS, MISSY. SHOW AS THAT JUICY CLEF.
AAAH!
ANY SIGNS OF THE PLAGUE?
NONE.
DOESN'T THAT FEEL GOOD, WENCH? OH, I HAVE PLANS FOR THIS.
UNNGH!



WELL, BROTHERS. IS SHE CLEAN?
THE WENCH IS WITHOUT BLEMISH, BROTHERS. THE GOOD LORD HAS SEEN IT FIT TO GRANT AS THIS ONE LAST FAVOR BEFORE WE PERISH.
AYE, SHE EVEN SMELLS HEAVENLY. UNLIKE THE HALF DEAD WHORES IN THE CITY.
SEE THIS! A BUM FIT FOR BUGGERING. YOU WON'T FIND THAT ON LAZY STREET HARLOTS. ONLY HARDWORKING PEASANT GIRLS HAVE SUCH SHAPELY BOTTOMS.
ENOUGH, BROTHERS. DON'T SOIL THE WENCH BEFORE YOUR BETTERS HAVE HAD THEIR WAY WITH HER.
COME HERE, WENCH. THINK OF THIS AS A SERVICE TO YOUR LORD AND PROTECTOR.
PLEASE, DON'T HURT ME.
NOW, NOW. NOTHING GOOD EVER COMES WITHOUT A LITTLE PAIN.
ARE YOU SURE THIS GATE WILL HOLD HER WEIGHT?
HAH! JUST BE FLEET OF FOOT BEFORE YOU GET SKEWERED.
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, YOU HAVE LESS OF A MAN TO LOSE.
GET ON WITH IT, BROTHERS. TIME IS WASTING. SHE WILL BE PERFORMING ALL NIGHT.
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PLEASE! I BEG YOU. DON'T DO THIS!
SHE BE A FINE CUNT WORTHY OF A LONG HARD BUG-GERING.
FINE WITH ME. I'LL TAKE HER BY THE CLEFT.
HER SMELL, THE SOFTNESS OF HER SKIN BEDEVILS ME. MY COCK IS AS HARD AS THE HILT OF MY SWORD. I CAN'T WAIT TO SHOVE IT IN THAT TIGHT LITTLE PUCKER.
SUCH BOUN-TIES! SOFT AND OPPU-LENT.
HER CLEFT IS STILL PRISTINE AND INTACT. A RARE FIND IN THESE TIMES WHEN EVERY SLUT FROM HERE TO VENICE WOULD GIVE AWAY THEIR CUNTS FOR A BUSHELL OF WHEAT.
ALLOW ME TO HAVE A LITTLE TASTE.
AAH! DON'T!
QUIT, SQUIR-MING! SHE'S SO DAMN TIGHT, I CAN BARELY GET THE TIP IN.
THIS SHOULD KEEP HER STILL.
AAGH! STOP, YOU'RE TEARING THEM OFF!



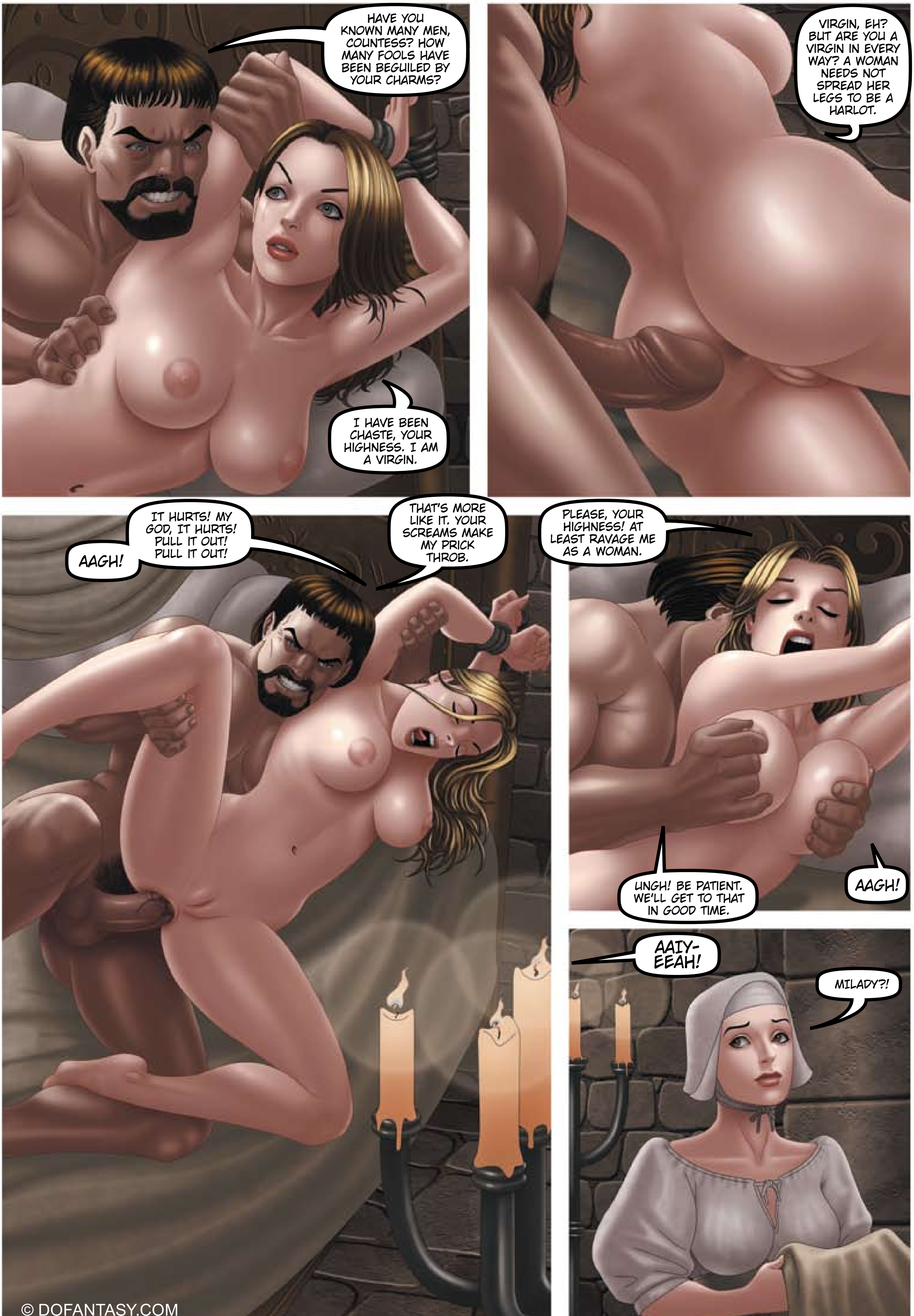
UNGH! MUCH BETTER.
THIS IS GREAT!
AAAIEEH!!!
SCREAM LOUDER! SHOW MORE CONVICTION! HIS HIGHNESS IS WATCHING.
AAAIEEH!!!
SHE'LL TAKE TWO AT A TIME. THREE, IF YOU DON'T MIND GETTING BITTEN. HAHAHAHA!
BROTHERS! THIS MAY WELL BE THE VERY LAST WOMAN WE WILL EVER HAVE IN THESE GOD FORSAKEN TIMES, SO DON'T BREAK HER. THERE ARE MORE THAN 200 MEN IN THE GARRISON AND SHE WILL HAVE TO SATISFY EVERY LAST ONE.
BE PATIENT, TAKE A NUMBER AND FORM A LINE. BRING MORE ROPE! SHE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE.


STOP! I BEG YOU. IT HURTS!
BE STILL, SLUT! YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
AAIYEEH!!!
MERCIFUL SAINTS! SUCH HORRORS!
HUH?!
ENJOYING THE SHOW, WENCH?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THEM? I'M SURE YOU'LL LOVE IT.
AYE, SHOW US YOUR WORTH. ALL YOU DO HERE IS EAT, SLEEP AND TEND TO YOUR ARROGANT MISTRESS.
UNHAND ME, MON-SIEUR. I HAVE BEEN SUMMONED BY THE PRINCE. HE WILL BE QUITE VEXED IF YOU FORCE ME TO TARRY.
THE PRINCE, AYE?!
GO ON THEN, WENCH. MAKE HASTE! THE PRINCE IS ALWAYS IN A FOUL MOOD THESE DAYS.
HAHAHA! YES, HE MAY NEED YOUR CUNT TO WAX HIS KNOB.

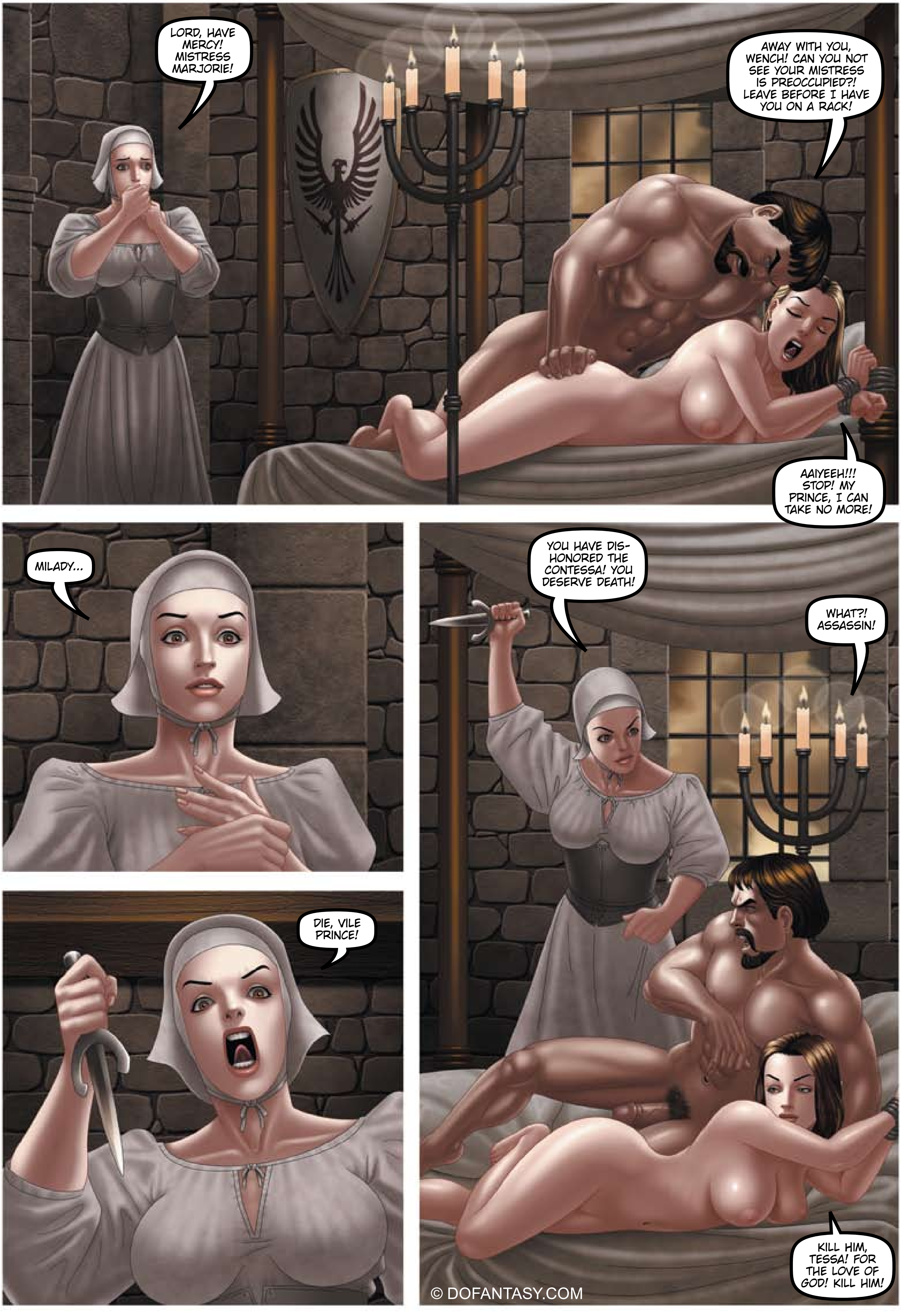


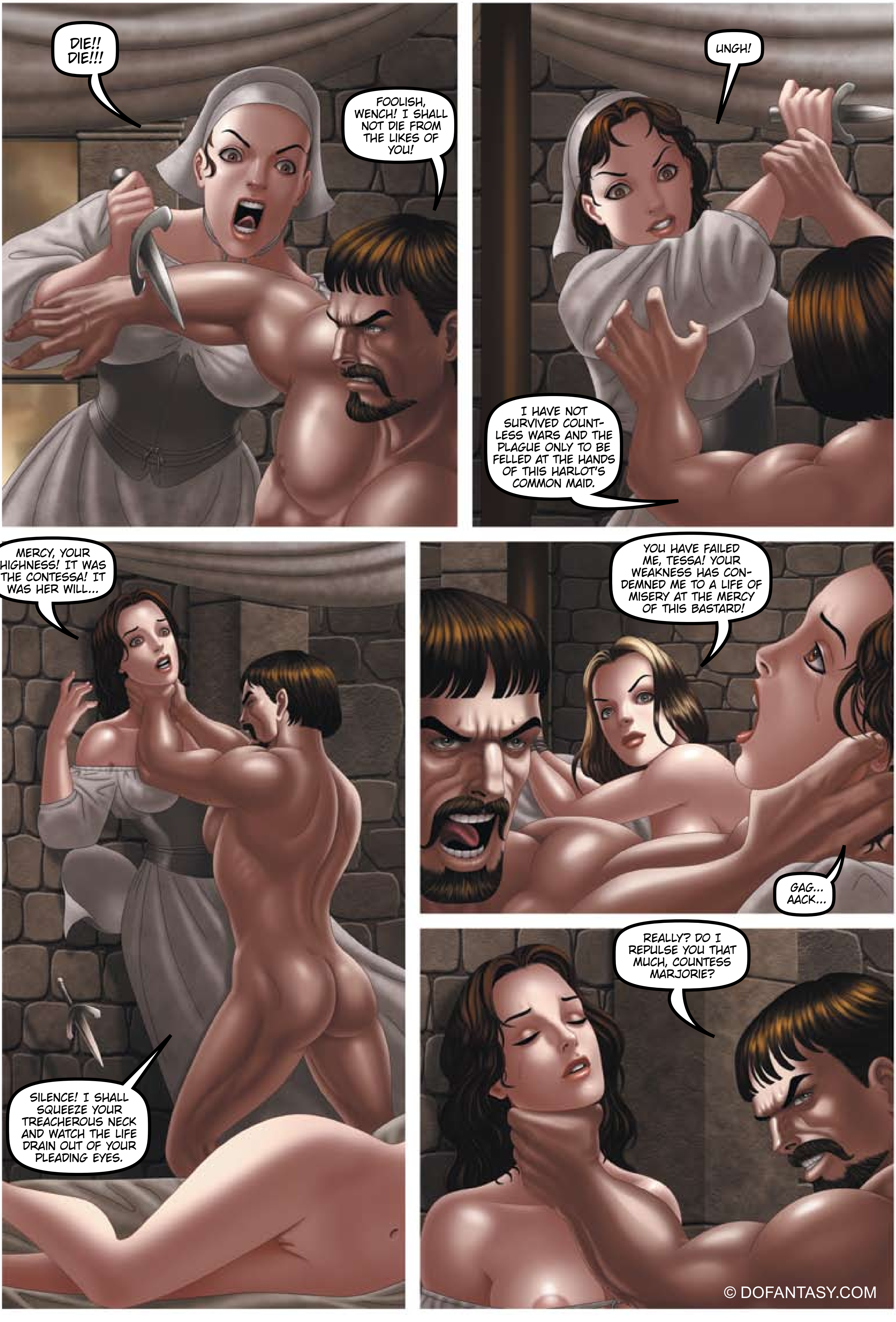
YOUR HAND-MAIDEN, TESSA. ARE YOU FOND OF HER?
I UNDERSTAND SHE HAILS FROM BYZANTIUM. FLEEING FROM THE TURKS BEFORE SHE CAME INTO YOUR SERVICE...
RESOURCEFUL GIRL TO HAVE ELUDED DEFILEMENT AT THEIR HANDS.
WHEN THE TURKS FINALLY CAPTURED CONSTANTINOPLE, NO WOMAN NOR CHILD WAS SPARED. ALL WERE FORCED TO SERVICE THE OTTOMAN HORDE.
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BUT HERE, THERE IS NO PLACE TO RUN AND YOUR TESSA HAS CAUGHT THE EYE OF MY MEN. THAT IS BOTH UNFORTUNATE AND REGRETTABLE. SOONER OR LATER THEY WILL TIRE OF THAT POOR PEASANT GIRL AND THEY WILL TAKE OUT THEIR FRUSTRATIONS ON YOUR MAID.
I COULD EXTEND MY PROTECTION TO HER IF YOU SO DESIRE. BUT THERE IS A PRICE. THEN AGAIN IF THE PEASANT GIRL SURVIVES SHE COULD PLAY THE ROLE OF YOUR HANDMAIDEN AS MY MEN PLAY WITH TESSA.
A FAIR EXCHANGE DON'T YOU THINK?


I HAVE AL-READY SUBMITTED TO YOUR WISHES, MY PRINCE. WHY MUST I STILL BE BOUND TO YOUR BED?
PRECAUTIONS, MY DEAR. SUBMISSION MAY NOT NECESSAR-ILY TRANSLATE TO OBEDIENCE.
BESIDES, YOU LOOK FAR MORE DELECTABLE THIS WAY, THAN LYING FLAT ON YOUR BACK LIKE A NOVICE COURTESAN. YOUR FIRM, ROUND ASS BECKONS ME.
UNGH!
YOUR HIGH-NESS, PLEASE. I AM STILL VERY SORE FROM THE WEDGE.
THAT MAYBE TRUE. I COULD FONDLE YOUR SOFT BOSOMS ALL NIGHT. WARM MY HANDS ON SUCH BOUN-TIFUL MOUNDS.
BUT TONIGHT, I PREFER TO WARM MY LOINS FROM BETWIXT YOUR FINE SILKEN THIGHS.
AAAGH!!!
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HAVE YOU KNOWN MANY MEN, COUNTESS? HOW MANY FOOLS HAVE BEEN BEGUILED BY YOUR CHARMS?
I HAVE BEEN CHASTE, YOUR HIGHNESS. I AM A VIRGIN.
VIRGIN, EH? BUT ARE YOU A VIRGIN IN EVERY WAY? A WOMAN NEEDS NOT SPREAD HER LEGS TO BE A HARLOT.
AAGH!
IT HURTS! MY GOD, IT HURTS! PULL IT OUT! PULL IT OUT!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT. YOUR SCREAMS MAKE MY PRICK THROB.
PLEASE, YOUR HIGHNESS! AT LEAST RAVAGE ME AS A WOMAN.
UNGH! BE PATIENT. WE'LL GET TO THAT IN GOOD TIME.
AAGH!
AAIY-EEAH!
MILADY?!


LORD, HAVE MERCY! MISTRESS MARJORIE!
AWAY WITH YOU, WENCH! CAN YOU NOT SEE YOUR MISTRESS IS PREOCCUPIED?! LEAVE BEFORE I HAVE YOU ON A RACK!
AAIYEEH!!! STOP! MY PRINCE, I CAN TAKE NO MORE!
MILADY...
DIE, VILE PRINCE!
YOU HAVE DIS-HONORED THE CONTESSA! YOU DESERVE DEATH!
WHAT?! ASSASSIN!
KILL HIM, TESSA! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! KILL HIM!
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DIE!! DIE!!!
FOOLISH, WENCH! I SHALL NOT DIE FROM THE LIKES OF YOU!
UNGH!
I HAVE NOT SURVIVED COUNT-LESS WARS AND THE PLAGUE ONLY TO BE FELLED AT THE HANDS OF THIS HARLOT'S COMMON MAID.
MERCY, YOUR HIGHNESS! IT WAS THE CONTESSA! IT WAS HER WILL...
SILENCE! I SHALL SQUEEZE YOUR TREACHEROUS NECK AND WATCH THE LIFE DRAIN OUT OF YOUR PLEADING EYES.
YOU HAVE FAILED ME, TESSA! YOUR WEAKNESS HAS CON-DEMNED ME TO A LIFE OF MISERY AT THE MERCY OF THIS BASTARD!
GAG... AACK...
REALLY? DO I REPULSE YOU THAT MUCH, COUNTESS MARJORIE?


MILORD, YOU SUM-MONED US?
YES. THE COUNTESS IS NO LONGER IN NEED OF THIS WENCH'S SERVIC-ES. TELL CAPT. ADOLFUS TO TAKE SOME MEN AND FETCH THE COUNTESS A NEW HANDMAIDEN. MAKE ALL POSSIBLE HASTE.
IMMEDIATELY, MILORD.
AND AS FOR THIS ONE...
...TAKE HER BELOW TO ANGELO.
UNDERSTOOD, MILORD.
COUNTESS MAR-JORIE, THIS BLADE IS SIMPLE YET FINELY CRAFTED. TOO WELL MADE TO BE IN THE HANDS OF A MERE SERVANT GIRL. DO YOU NOT AGREE?
YOU GAVE THIS DAG-GER TO HER, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU PLOTTED WITH YOUR MAIDSERVANT TO SLAY ME IN MY OWN BED!
AAH!!! YES!


GO AHEAD! IF I HAD BUT ONE REQUEST...DO IT SWIFTLY. GRANT ME THAT HONOR.
A QUICK DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU, COUNTESS.
WHAT WOULD PROFIT A MAN BY KILLING HIS MOST LAVISH SOURCE OF PLEASURE.
PLEASE, MY PRINCE. I CAN NOT LIVE LIKE THIS. END THIS TORMENT!
I WOULD MAKE YOUR DEATH A SPECTACLE FOR ALL. I'D HAVE YOUR LIMBS BROKEN AND BRAIDED ON A WHEEL. THEN I WOULD HAVE YOU SLOWLY GUTTED AND SEE YOU AGONIZE FOR HOURS.
NO! PLEASE NOT THAT WAY! IT IS TOO HORRIBLE.
I'D HAVE YOUR INNARDS DRAWN OUT AND FED TO THE PIGS AS YOU WATCH. AND WHEN THE DEVIL FINALLY TAKES YOU, I'LL HAVE YOUR BROKEN BODY MOUNTED ON THE GATES OF YOUR FAMILY CASTLE. YES, I WOULD DO THAT.
THEN AGAIN, IF YOU TRULY WISH TO DIE? DO IT YOURSELF.
UNGH!
THERE. YOU HAVE THE MEANS TO TAKE YOUR OWN LIFE. IT'S UP TO YOU. CHOOSE YOUR HELL.


PLEASE, MY PRINCE. I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID. TAKE IT OUT. I BEG OF YOU!
TEARS FLOW TOO FREELY FROM YOUR BEAUTIFUL LYING EYES, COUNTESS. I THINK I'LL LET YOU GET FAMILIAR WITH THE COLD STEEL FOR A WEE BIT WHILE. I WISH TO RELISH THIS MOMENT.
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BE GLAD THAT YOU ARE NOT TO SHARE TESSA'S FATE. SHE WILL FIND TO HER DISMAY THAT ANGELO CAN DO FAR WORST THAN THE OTTOMAN TURKS IN BYZANTIUM.
WHO BE THIS WENCH?
SHE DARED TO SLAY THE PRINCE. SHE IS NOW UNDER ANGELO'S KEEP.
SHE DARED TO KILL THE PRINCE, EH? SHE WILL DEFINITELY REQUIRE ANGELO'S SPECIAL ATTENTION.


AT THE EASTERN GATES; CAPT. ADOLFUS RIDES OUT WITH A SMALL CONTIGENT OF MEN AT ARMS, FULFILLING THEIR MASTER'S WISHES.



WHERE IS LORD ADOLFUS OFF TO?
HE HAS BEEN TASKED TO FIND LADY MARGORIE A NEW HANDMAID.
GOOD, PERHAPS WE CAN HAVE A ROUND WITH HER BEFORE SHE IS PUT INTO HER LADYSHIPS SERVICE.
I'VE HAD MY FILL OF THIS WENCH. SHE NO LONGER ENTICES ME.
SHE HAS GOTTEN TOO LOOSE?
AAH!
HARLOT, CAN YOU NOT CLENCH THAT CUNT OF YOURS!? SHOW THESE BRAVE MEN SOME ENTHUSIASM!
MOVE ASIDE. I HAVE SOMETHING SHE CAN CLENCH ON. OH, YEAH!
JUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO KILL THE LITTLE WHORE.
HE-HE, I HAVEN'T LOST ONE YET.
OH, GOD...
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NOT FAR FROM THE WALLED ENCLAVE, A HORSEMAN TRAV-ELS THROUGH THE FOREBODING WOODS LITTERED WITH CORPSES BOTH OF BLIGHT AND WARS.
ABRUPTLY ENCOUNTER-ING A BAND OF CHILDREN, SEEMINGLY OBLIVIOUS TO THE STENCH OF DEATH.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT? LEAVE THE DEAD IN PEACE!
WE'RE LOOKING FOR MANDRAKE ROOTS. IT PROTECTS US FROM SICKNESS. BESIDES, THE DEAD DON'T MIND.
SIR, KNIGHT. WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE PRINCE'S LANDS?
I WOULD NOT CALL MYSELF A KNIGHT, LAD. MY SWORD ARM HAS A PRICE AND I SEEKS WEALTHY NOBLES WILL-ING TO PAY FOR IT'S SERVICE.
NOT MANY NOBLES LEFT, MILORD. THOSE LEFT HAVE TAKEN SHELTER IN THE PRINCE'S CASTLE FURTHER NORTH. THEY ONLY COME OUT TO FORAGE.
NOBLES ARE ALWAYS IN NEED OF A MASTER SWORDSMAN. I'LL TRY MY LUCK THERE. BUT IT'S LATE AND I NEED TO REST.
WHO LIVES IN THAT DWELLING OVER YONDER?
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THAT IS OLD MAN RUPPERT'S PLACE. HE WAS STRICKEN WITH THE BLIGHT ABOUT A MONTH AGO. HIS TWO DAUGHTERS TOOK CARE OF HIM.
DAUGHTERS, YOU SAY?
LET'S GO. I'M HUNGRY AND I DON'T LIKE HIM.
OK. WELL, GOOD FORTUNE, SWORD MASTER.
THE SMELL OF DEATH IS STILL RIPE. SOMEONE HAS DIED HERE.
YOU THERE INSIDE!!! YE' BE LIVING OR DEAD. I SEEK SHELTER AND PERHAPS SOME COMPANY!!!
ARE YOU ALONE, WENCH?
Y-YES, GOOD SIR.
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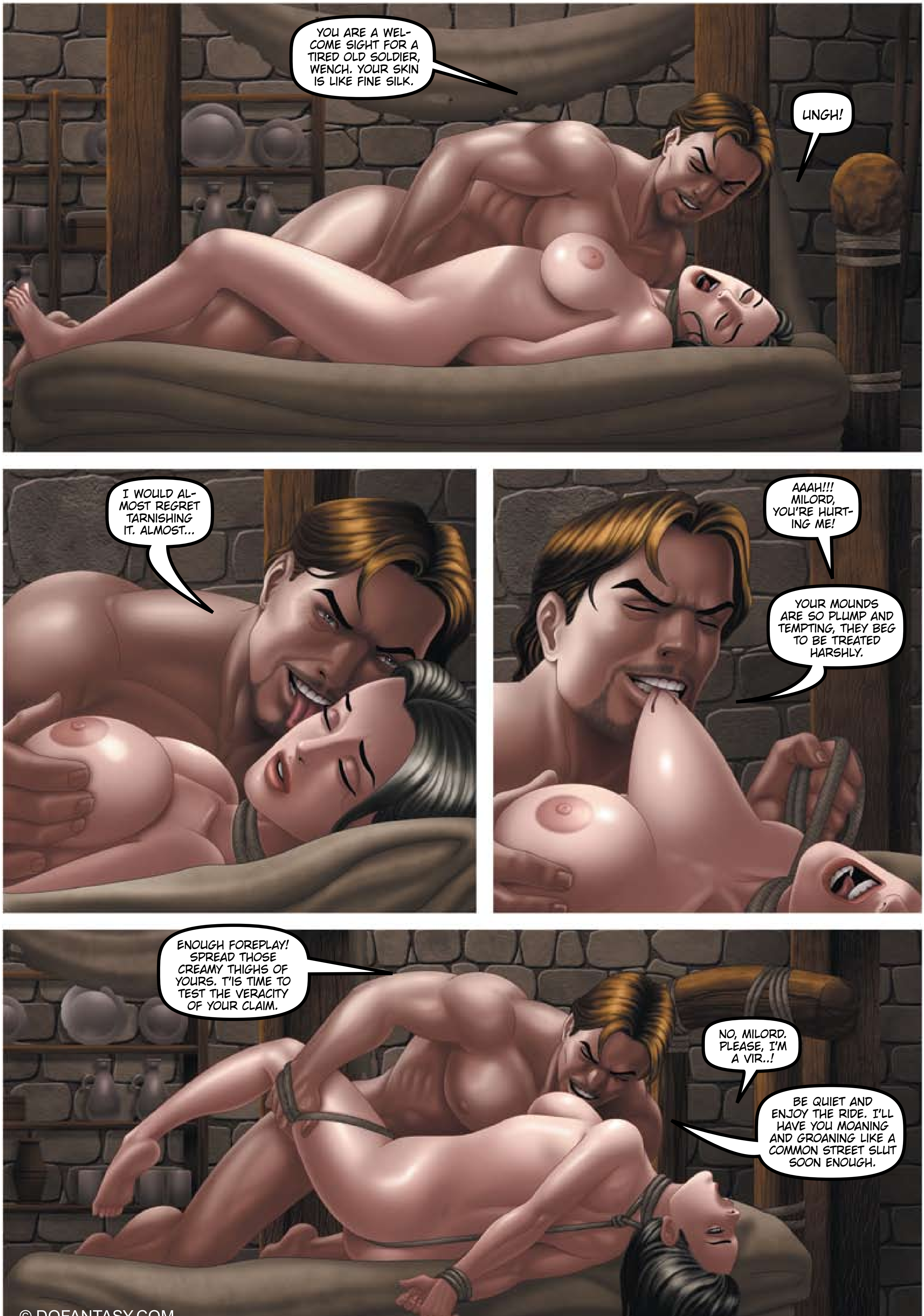

I WAS TOLD AN OLD MAN AND HIS DAUGHTERS LIVED IN THIS ABODE.
FATHER DIED A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. MY SISTER INSISTED IN GIVING HIM THE LAST RITES AND TOOK HIS BODY TO A PRIEST.
I SEE. SUCH SILLY RITUALS.
SO SHE LEFT YOU ALL ALONE. WITH NO ONE TO PROTECT YOU...
TELL ME. DO YOU ENTERTAIN MENFOLK HERE?
I KNOW NOT WHAT YOU MEAN, GOOD SIR?
SIMPLY PUT, ARE YOU A WHORE?
NO, MILORD! I AM CHASTE DESPITE THESE EVIL TIMES.
GOOD! NOW STRIP OUT OF THOSE RAGS.
BUT, MILORD?!
BE QUICK! I'M IN NO MOOD TO TARRY.
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HAH! GOD SMILES ON THE POOR AND WEARY. HE FAVORS THE GENTRY WITH THE MOST VOLUPTUOUS OF SOULS.


COME CLOSER, GIRL.
BUT I...
DON'T TEST MY PATIENCE!


ARE YOU GOING TO KILL ME?
FAR FROM IT, SILLY GIRL. YOU ARE FAR MORE PROFITABLE LIVING AND HEAVING.


AH, IT HURTS! WHY MUST YOU DO THIS, MILORD?
SILENCE! ALMOST DONE.


LOVELY! YOU'D MAKE A FETCHING SLAVE GIRL. THE OTTOMANS PAY WELL FOR A FINE BUXOM CHRISTIAN LASS. BUT A GOOD TRADER MUST FIRST TEST THE MERCHANDISE.


YOU ARE A WEL-COME SIGHT FOR A TIRED OLD SOLDIER, WENCH. YOUR SKIN IS LIKE FINE SILK.
UNGH!
I WOULD AL-MOST REGRET TARNISHING IT. ALMOST...
AAAH!!! MILORD, YOU'RE HURT-ING ME!
YOUR MOUNDS ARE SO PLUMP AND TEMPTING, THEY BEG TO BE TREATED HARSHLY.
ENOUGH FOREPLAY! SPREAD THOSE CREAMY THIGHS OF YOURS. T'IS TIME TO TEST THE VERACITY OF YOUR CLAIM.
NO, MILORD. PLEASE, I'M A VIR..!
BE QUIET AND ENJOY THE RIDE. I'LL HAVE YOU MOANING AND GROANING LIKE A COMMON STREET SLUT SOON ENOUGH.
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NOW, WE'LL SEE IF YOU HAVE A LYING TONGUE, WENCH. IF YOU PROVE TO BE A WHORE, YOU WILL QUICKLY LEARN WHAT REGRET MEANS.
YOU ARE TIGHT. THAT IS PROMISING.
AAH! IT HURTS!
A BIT OF BLOOD TOO.
YES! A FINE VIRGIN YOU ARE..!
ACK! I CAN'T BREATH... I'M... UNGH!
HMM, I WONDER IF YOU ARE A VIRGIN IN EVERY WAY. COME ON RAISE THAT FINE BUM OF YOURS.
AAIYEEH!! NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING! STOP!


NO, PLEASE! YOUR HURTING ME!
IT'S NOT SO BAD WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT. YOU MAY EVEN FIND IT VERY PLEASURABLE.


MILORD, HAVE PITY. IT BURNS!


AAEEIYAH!!! ALLAH AHK BAR!
FUCK!!! LOOK'S LIKE YOUR ARSE WILL GET A RE-PRIEVE, FOR NOW.


WHAT IS IT, MILORD?
SILENCE, WENCH! WE HAVE COMPANY.
ARGH!!! BASTARDS GOT ME, CAPTAIN!
THEY'RE TRYING TO DRIVE US TO THEIR FORMED SPEARMEN! TAKE MOST OF THE MEN AND BREAK THROUGH TO THE LEFT WHILE I'LL TAKE THE REST AND HOLD THEIR CENTER. THE PRINCE MUST HEAR OF THIS!
BUT, CAPTAIN! YOU'LL BE TRAPPED!
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, SOLDIER.
RIDE THEM DOWN! HOLD THEM OFF FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN! SHOW THESE HEATHENS THE COURAGE AND VALOR OF OUR LORD'S MEN!
OTTOMAN TURKS! MUST BE STRAGGLERS FOR MEHMET'S ARMY. THEY ARE TROUBLE-SOME BASTARDS EVEN IN DEFEAT.
OPPORTUNITY BECKONS.
GOD PROTECT US!
HEEYEAH!
PRAISE ALLAH! THERE BE THEIR LEADER! BRING HIM DOWN AND THE REST WILL LOSE HEART!


THEIR CAPTAIN HAS COURAGE; FACING DOWN SO MANY TO SAVE HIS MEN.
IT WOULD BE A PITY IF HE LOSES HIS LIFE TO SUCH A NOBLE YET SO FUTILE A GESTURE.
ARGH!
BRING DOWN THEIR STEEDS! DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!
OVER THERE! I THINK THERE IS SOMEONE INSIDE.
COWERING CHRISTIAN DOGS NO DOUBT.
ALAS; WE HAVE DRAWN A BIT OF UNWEL-COME ATTENTION, MY DEAR.


BASTARDS!!!
ALLAH BE PRAISED! THE CHRISTIAN DOG IS FELLED!
DON'T KILL HIM YET! LET HIM LEAD US TO THEIR CAMP.
YUSUF, BE AT THE READY! EVEN COW-ERING DOGS STILL HAVE FANGS.
HUH!!! A WOMAN?!
ALLAH IS VERY GENEROUS TODAY.
I'M INCLINED TO AGREE, BUT NOT TO YOU.
AACK!!!
INFIDEL!
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DIE! CHRISTIAN DOG!
AFTER YOU, JANNISARY.


AAGH!!!


Y-YOU'VE KILLED THEM?!
YES, NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO DO YOUR PART. KINDLY HAND ME THE ROPES.


WE HAVE THE LEADER. SHALL WE BEHEAD THIS INFIDEL?


CHRISTIAN, WHERE IS YOUR CAMP? HOW MANY MEN DO YOU HAVE? SPEAK NOW OR LOSE YOUR HEAD.
GO AHEAD, FINISH ME! MY PRINCE WILL AVENGE ME AND MY FALLEN COMRADES A HUNDRED FOLDS.
CHRISTIAN DOGS HAVE NO REDEEMING VALUE OTHER THAN COURAGE. GRANT THE MAN THE DEATH HE WISHES.
HOLD YOUR SWORDS, OTTOMAN. HEAR MY PROPOSAL BEFORE YOU DISPATCH THIS WAYWARD KNIGHT.
WHO DARES SPEAK?!
JUST ME. A SIMPLE TRAVELER.
HE'S ONE OF THEM. A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. KILL HIM!
I WOULD NOT CALL MYSELF CHRISTIAN. I AM A MERE SWORDSMAN WITHOUT A MASTER. I HAVE NO PART IN YOUR WAR.
LET US NOT BE HASTY. LET US HEAR HIS WORDS. LET HIM SPEAK.
I KNOW YOU'RE NOT HERE SPOILING FOR A FIGHT. YOUR TROUPE IS PROBABLY LOST AFTER YOUR ARMY'S DEFEAT IN THE FACE OF HUNYAGI'S FORCES.
HE INSULTS US! CUT OUT HIS TONGUE!


FUNNY HOW YOU DID NOT ACCUSE ME OF LYING.
BE QUICK! I'M TIRED OF YOUR RAMBLING! MY PATIENCE GROWS THIN. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THE KNIGHT'S LIFE UNDER MY CHARGE IN EXCHANGE FOR SAFE DIRECTIONS LEADING OUT OF THESE LANDS.
...AND A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE NIGHT.
WHAT IF WE JUST KILL YOU AND TAKE THE WOMAN FOR OURSELVES. WE COULD USE THIS WHORE FOR THE JOURNEY HOME.
DO YOU LIKE FUCKING DEAD WHORES, OTTOMAN? I ASSURE YOU, SHE WILL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU CAN BRING YOUR SWORD WITHIN SWING DISTANCE OF MY NECK.
YOU WOULD NOT DARE!


I DARE MANY THINGS, OTTO-MAN. ON YOUR KNEES GIRL!
MILORD?!
NOW!
I AM FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT EVEN BY SOME MIRACLE YOU COULD KILL ME INSTANT-LY, MY SWORD WILL STILL PLUNGE DOWN THE BACK OF HER NECK AND OUT THROUGH HER HEART.
DOES THE CALIPH AND HIS PRIDE WANT TO BE PARTY TO DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL, IN-NOCENT ALBEIT CHRISTIAN GIRL?
VERY WELL, INFIDEL. LET IT NOT BE SAID THAT HASSAN BIN FADIL AL-LOWS THE BUTCHERY OF INNOCENTS, EVEN LOWLY CHRISTIANS.
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VERY GOOD. I KNEW WE COULD HAVE AN UNDER-STANDING.
YOU GO GIRL. GIVE THE LORD CA-LIPH A CLOSER LOOK AT YOUR... AHEM... CHARMS.


YOU WOULD HAVE MADE A FINE ADDITION TO MEHMET'S HAREM. TAKE HER INSIDE, SE-CURE HER TO A BED.
YOUR SWORD, CAPTAIN. THESE MEN MAYBE HEA-THENS BUT THEY STILL KEEP THEIR WORD.
YOU WOULD CONDEMN AN IN-NOCENT GIRL TO THESE BEASTS? WHAT SORT OF MAN ARE YOU?
I ASSURE YOU, SHE'S NOT SO IN-NOCENT ANYMORE. SHE WILL LIVE, THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH.
BESIDES, EI-THER HER OR WE BOTH DIE.
NEITHER CHOICE IS PALATABLE...
ENOUGH WITH THE ROPES! I WANT THIS ONE TO ENJOY OUR COMPANY.
NOOOO!!!


UMMPH!!
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MMMHH!!!
THE NEXT DAY...
THERE IT IS. HOPEFULLY, MY MEN WERE ABLE TO MAKE IT BACK.
A VERY IMPOSING PLACE.
YES, BUT MORE THAN HALF THE MEN HAVE SUCCUMBED TO THE PLAGUE. THERE ARE BARELY ENOUGH TO HOLD OFF A GENERAL ASSAULT. WE NEED A FEW MORE MEN.
I AM OBLIGED TO OFFER MY SWORD FOR IT'S DEFENSE.
THERE IS YOUR NEW HOME, WENCH. BE IN GOOD CHEER. A FORMIDABLE FORTRESS. IT MAY NOT GUARANTEE THE SAFETY OF YOUR QUIMM, BUT IT SHOULD YOUR LIFE.
YOU COULD STAND A POKING EVERY NOW AND THEN.


SHE WILL SERVE THE LADY MARJORIE. IF SHE BEHAVES, SHE WILL LIVE IN RELATIVE COMFORT AND UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE PRINCE.
OPEN THE GATES! IT IS CAPTAIN ADOLFUS!
THE MAN HAS THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL!
I SEE YOU'VE MADE IT BACK SAFE. HOW ARE THE MEN? HAVE THEY BEHAVED SINCE MY ABSENCE?
HAH! SURROUNDED BY A HEATHEN HORDE YET HE STILL WALKS AMONG US. SATAN HIMSELF WOULD SPIT YOU OUT, CAPTAIN.
IT IS GOOD TO BE ALIVE, SERGEANT.
WILL THIS BE THE NEW HANDMAID FOR THE COUNTESS?
COME, SWEETY. LET US GET TO KNOW YOU A LITTLE MORE BEFORE THEY PUT YOU IN THE SERVICE OF HER LADYSHIP.



LEAVE HER BE! THIS GIRL HAS MADE MANY SACRIFICES FOR US TO REACH THE SAFETY OF THESE CASTLE WALLS. UNTIL SHE IS IN THE SERVICE OF THE COUNTESS, SHE IS UNDER MY CARE.
UNDERSTOOD, MILORD. I MEANT NO DISRESPECT.
VERY GOOD.
GIRL, FIND YOURSELF SOME CLOTHES. YOU ARE TROUBLING THE MEN.
ARE YOU HER GUARDIAN NOW, CAPTAIN?
WHAT OF IT?!
IT WILL NOT BE EASY DEFENDING A SHEEP IN A DEN OF WOLVES.
WOLVES YOU SAY? THEY ARE FINE SOL-DIERS. THEY WERE ONCE BETTER THAN THIS. THEY CAN BE SO AGAIN.
RABID WOLVES NEVER TURN INTO LAP DOGS CAPTAIN. YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER.
SOONER OR LATER THEY WILL GET AT HER. QUESTION IS, WILL YOU BE WILLING TO KILL FOR HER?


HNNH! HNNH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, WENCH?
MMNNH!
COME ON! CLENCH DOWN ON IT! TIGHTEN UP THOSE CHEEKS.
MMNNH!
IS COLD STEEL NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR THAT PRETTY LITTLE ASS OF YOURS? BE GLAD I USED SOME PIG FAT.
UUNNH!
PERHAPS YOU WANT SOME-THING MEATIER TO CLENCH ON. HEH! HEH!


LET'S SEE HOW WIDE YOU'VE GOT-TEN, WENCH.
UNNGH!
STILL A BIT TIGHT. BUT NO MATTER. I'M SURE IT CAN GO ALL THE WAY IN.
MNNGH!
NOW, DOES THAT FILL YOU UP? LET'S SEE IT ALL THE WAY IN. HAHAHA!
MNNH! UNNGH!
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NO... MY SISTER!
HAHAHA!
YOU LIKE THAT, WHORE?


PEASANT SLUTS LIKE THEIR BUGGERING LONG AND HARD. I BET YOU CAN TAKE THE FULL LENGTH OF A STALLION STUD.
LET'S FIND OUT. I'M SURE THE PRINCE WILL APPROVE OF SUCH A SPEC-TACLE.
WHA...? AAGH!
GAAH! MY ARM! YOU WITCH!
YOU FUCKIN' CUNT! I'LL KILL YOU...!
AAGH?!
GOD FORGIVE ME!
NO... I KILLED HIM... I KILLED HIM...
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THE LITTLE BITCH KILLED RODRIGO!
BREAK EVERY BONE IN THIS CUNT'S BODY AND HAVE HER BRAIDED ON A WHEEL!
NO, WAIT! SHE IS IN THE CAPTAIN'S CHARGE. ONLY HE AND THE PRINCE MAY DECIDE HER FATE.
NEVERTHELESS; SHE HAS TAKEN THE LIFE OF ONE OF OUR OWN. SHE WILL PAY FOR HER TREACHERY!
LATER.
THE NEW GIRL YOU SAY? ...A PITY.
HAVE HER ESCORTED TO THE DUNGEONS. SHE WILL SHARE TESSA'S FATE ...AND SEND MY REGARDS TO ANGELO.
AT ONCE, MILORD.
BY PROCESS OF ELIMINATION, IT LOOKS LIKE WE ALREADY HAVE A HANDMAID FOR YOU, COUNTESS MARJORIE.
I WILL NOT HAVE ANYONE ELSE BUT TESSA.
WE ALREADY HAD THIS DISCUSSION, MILADY.
IT WAS EITHER YOU OR TESSA. DO YOU WISH TO RECONSIDER.
NO.
TOO BAD. I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO SEE WHAT HORRORS ANGELO WOULD DEVISE FOR OUR PRETTY CONTESSA.


YOU HAVE MY BODY, WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT OF ME? WHY DO YOU PERSIST IN TORMENTING ME?
BECAUSE YOU PERSIST IN FLAUNTING YOUR UNBRIDLED CONTEMPT OF ME. I, THE ONE MAN WHO KEEPS YOU SAFE FROM PLAGUE AND VERMIN ALIKE.
YOU RETAIN YOUR TITLE AS COUNTESS AT MY PLEASURE. LEARN TO SHOW SOME GRATITUDE. PUT ON A ROBE! LET'S GO OUTSIDE.
BRING OUT THE GIRL! THE COUNTESS WILL ADDRESS AND INSPECT HER.
HMM... LOVELY CREATURE.
GO ON! MOVE! SHOW RESPECT TO YOUR PRINCE.
I SEE MY LOYAL SOLDIERS HAVE TREATED YOU SOMEWHAT WELL. NOT TOO MANY BLEMISHES BESIDES SOME ROPE BURNS. YOU STILL HAVE TEETH? THESE LIPS MUST HAVE BEEN VERY ACCOMMODATING. HEH-HEH!
MMMH!
THIS HAS BEEN WELL EXERCISED NO DOUBT. MAYBE A LITTLE SORE?
ON YOUR KNEES!
UNGH!
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TELL ME GIRL, DO YOU WISH TO SERVE THE COUNTESS MARJORIE AS HER HANDMAIDEN? OBEY HER EVERY WHIM, HER EVERY CAPRICE?
Y-YES, MILORD.
BEHOLD, YOUR MISTRESS. CARE-FUL, SHE BITES. FOR UNDERNEATH THIS SOFT, DELI-CIOUS GUISE LAYS A VEILED VIPER IN WAITING.
SHOW AS HOW MUCH YOU LOVE YOUR MISTRESS. MAKE HER AP-PRECIATE YOUR SERVITUDE.
GO ON! DO NOT HESITATE! IF SHE DEEMS YOUR PER-FORMANCE UNWOR-THY, YOU WILL CON-TINUE TO SERVICE MY MEN FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS.
YES, MILORD.
I THINKS SHE HAS CHARM... FOR A COMMON PEASANT GIRL.
YOU ARE SUCH A BEAST. LET-TING THIS POOR CREATURE SUFFER FURTHER HUMILI-ATION.
SHE FEELS SHAME NO LONGER, COUNTESS. MY MEN ARE VERY GOOD AT BREAKING IN THE COMMON SHREWS. THEY CAN EVEN TAME YOUR ARISTOCRATIC PRIDE SHOULD I WISH IT.


HNNNH! S-SHE HAS A VERY FLEX-IBLE TONGUE, MILORD.
INDEED, I SHOULD PAR-TAKE OF HER SERVICES.
DO NOT BURDEN YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THE MAID TESSA. HER FATE IS SEALED. SHE WILL NEVER LEAVE THE CONFINES OF THE DUNGEON.
ISHAK, SLACKEN THE ROPES. LET HER HAVE THE FULL WAIT OF THE WOODBRACE!
MERCY, MILORDS! MERCY!!!
MERCY? AN HOUR ON THE HORSE AND A FEW BROKEN FIN-GERS AND ALREADY SHE PLEADS FOR MERCY!
ASSASSIN, WE HAVE NOT EVEN STARTED YET.


THE HOT IRONS. TIME TO SEAR THIS ASSASSINS FLESH WITH A TOUCH OF FIRE.
AAAH!
YOU KNOW, THAT WAS VERY FOOLISH. YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE UNDER THE COUNTESS' SERVICE. NOW YOU ARE DAMNED TO THIS CORNER OF HELL.
SHE WAS MY SISTER...
DO YOU BELIEVE SHE WOULD DO THE SAME FOR YOU?
I-I DON'T KNOW...
AAIYEEH!!!
THE BITCH PISSES ALL OVER THE WEDGE. HAHAHA!!!
ENOUGH FOR NOW. GIVE HER A BREATHER. NOW, GET THE OTHER ONE.
COME ON, TIME TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN.
I BID YOU FAREWELL, LASS. PRAY TO WHATEVER GOD OR DEITY YOU PRAY TO. PRAY FOR A QUICK DEATH FOR THESE MEN WILL DENY YOU THAT.
MILORD... PLEASE... HELP ME.


QUIT YOUR WHINING! IT'S TOO EARLY IN THE DAY FOR THAT.
N-NO! PLEASE DON'T!
MOVE IT! OR YOU'LL GET A HOT POKER NEXT TIME.
AAH!
GET AC-QUAINTED. WARM EACH OTHER UP.
YOU BOTH HAVE COMMITTED GRIEVOUS OFFENSES. YOU HAVE BEEN CONDEMNED TO THIS DUNGEON FOR AS LONG AS YOU DRAW BREATH. YOUR SUFFERING WILL BE LONG AND EXCRUCIATINGLY PAINFUL. THIS WILL BE YOUR WORLD NOW 'TIL THE DAY YOU GIVE UP THE GHOST.
ISHAK, RAISE THEM OVER THE COURSE SINEW ROPE.


UNNGH! NOOOO!!!
MNNGH! AYEEE!!!
STRADDLE THE ROPE MY LOVELIES. THE WEIGHTS AT THE ENDS OF THE ROPE WILL BE TUGGED VIGOROUSLY TO COAX THE FIRE FROM BE-TWIXT YOUR LEGS. MAY EVEN TEAR OFF YOUR BUD AND NETHER LIPS; SAVING ME THE TROUBLE OF HAVING TO BURN THEM OFF. HEHEHEH!
TO BE CONTINUED.


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